

LIFE

MARCH 30, 1922

PRICE 15 CENTS



There's No Fool
Like an Old Fool



How to Be Happy Though Married—or Single

Be Prepared for a Great Surprise

We are going to do an unusual thing; but it has been a long, hard winter, and the spring is just beginning to make us reckless.

We are going to ask you to become regular subscribers to LIFE.

We have intimated this before in this page, but have never come out so immodestly as upon this occasion.

Moreover, we are going to do this without offering you any special inducements. We might, of course, call attention to the fact that the summer is coming on and that Life has rarely been so good, so fresh, so full of pictures, so delightful, as it will be this summer.

We might even hint that it will be humorous—although probably nobody would believe this.

But no! All we say is, **SUBSCRIBE.**

Obeys that impulse. You may regret it, but take a chance.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40). Send LIFE for ten weeks to

222

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How to Pay the Soldier Bonus

NO patriotic citizen need fear a bonus tax if Congress will only adopt the following methods for raising the money:

Tax on Prohibition Jokes.

Too long has our country groaned under jokes about prohibition. A tax on this extra-dry humor would bring in a large and immediate revenue and at the same time educate our nation to bear in silence the denatured sting of the Volstead Act.

Tax on Pessimists.

So far, pessimists, prognosticators, and fault-finders have spread their gloom and sorrow unchecked and unpunished. But consider what the tax on pessimists would do for our country.

To begin with, Mr. Nagged Husband would no longer seek refuge of an evening at the club, but would find his home cheerful and his wife attractive company.

Even Mrs. Chronic Complaint would get little comfort from a disease she was not allowed to talk about without paying a heavy fine, and she would soon forget to be sick.

Other Methods.

If the country reforms too quickly under the stimulus of such taxes, Congress can raise the rest of the money by a tax on flappers, bobbed hair, bare knees, tea parties, dancing men, stale jokes, or hold-ups. *Robert Buel.*



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W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
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If Only We Were Switzerland

HOW simple our international politics would be if we could see it with the eyes of Mr. Brisbane. "Let Americans," he says, "study little Switzerland. She attacks no one, meddles with no one, but keeps herself always READY to fight, in case of need—and everybody lets her alone. What Switzerland does we ought to do. With danger on every side, she keeps out of it, and we, with a wide ocean on each side, do not see our plain course."

How very simple that is! How safe! How attractive! But if we are to imitate Switzerland we should complete the pattern and make our living by keeping hotels, providing winter sports and welcoming visitors.

Swiss methods are creditable to the Swiss, and would be creditable to us if the United States could conveniently be squeezed into the limits of Vermont and New Hampshire.

E. S. M.

The Fitness of Things

BOOTLEGGER'S WIFE (to maid): Marie, I'll have my emerald earrings today—and order the green car for eleven-thirty. They match so well.

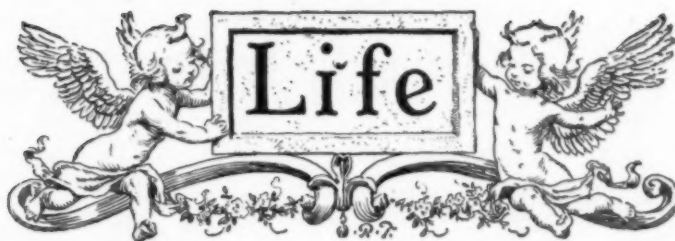


Boy (who was given a "life"): It's all right, mister—I was goin' to the dentist's.



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Pan in Pandemonium

Berton Braley

PAN went dancing up and down the city,
No one saw him, cloven-hoofed and brown;
Pan went piping where the streets were gritty
But his notes were swallowed in the roar of town.

Yet Pan's long ears were attuned to listen,
And Pan heard whispers of the old Romance,
And Pan's bright eyes seemed to gleam and glisten,
And there was laughter in his pagan glance.

For Pan saw lovers where the Park paths wander,
And Pan saw lovers when the buses passed,
And Pan heard voices that grew sweeter, fonder,
On the wires that bind us in a network vast.

And Pan saw beauty that was Greek and slender,
And Pan heard kisses in the hallways dim,
And Pan saw glances that were blithe and tender,
So the cruel city couldn't hoodwink him!

Pan wasn't cozened by the jazz and clamor,
Wise and canny was the slim brown god,
Pan found the city full of love's glad glamour
And danced back gaily to his sylvan sod!



First Pelican: What's all this excitement about?

Second Pelican: They've just pinched two scallops for doing a mussel dance.

Speeding Up Society



Workers in society have been losing interest in their work; production at dances, for instance, is within 3.9% of the low record of 1909. Mrs. Van Cortland, however, reports that since she adopted the differential piece rate of compensation, her workers have shown more enthusiasm for their tasks. Observe Reginald Honeywell checking in at the end of a dance, and being credited with "Job No. 17, File No. 841,—Nature of work, Fox Trot, Miss Plipp—\$2.5."



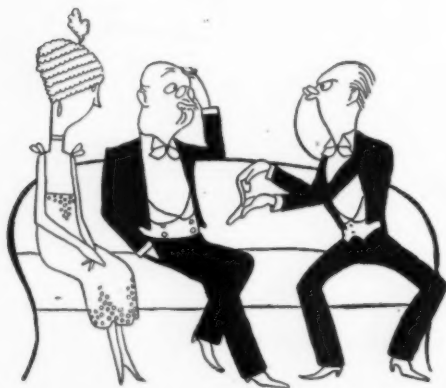
It had been harder and harder for Mrs. Oliphant to get reliable diners-out until she introduced the profit-sharing plan. She operates entirely on the "Bring Your Own" basis, and so there is always a comfortable margin left over to share with her professional diners-out. She reports that since she put the plan into effect there has been a 14% decrease in labor turnover, irregular attendance, poor workmanship and other forms of waste.



The importance of fitting the right job to the right man is shown by the case of Alfred Tibble. Alfred's cousin was in Washington during the conference, and Alfred's monologues on the Far Eastern question were seriously affecting the work of his co-laborers. But by switching him from tea, dinner and dance work to the more specialized task of entertaining guests who are welcome to leave early, Mrs. Prendergast has changed Alfred from a liability to a distinct asset.

The greatest need of society, however, is to give the worker a chance for creative self-expression. Under the grinding routine Clarence Billig's work as life of the party fell off badly; but given the chance to really express himself, he has astounded everyone. In one short weekend at "Bilgemere," for example, he filled the sugar bowls with salt, set off the burglar alarm, and locked the British ambassador into his bath, after abstracting his clothes. Clarence ought to go far in his work,—very far.

In short, the whole thing comes down to making work a pleasure. Under the new conditions, Mr. Libbet makes a regular game of his task of showing his wife's male guests over the estate after Sunday dinner. He has familiarized himself with every bog, barbed-wire fence and bramble patch on the place, and he has never lost his party within three miles from home. He says that his work, which used to be drudgery, is now positively fascinating.



GUYAS
WILLIAMS

"Happy the Home Where Books are Found"

BY way of egging people on to buy Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf of books, the publishers are resorting to an advertisement in which are depicted two married couples, one reading together by the library table, the other playing some two-handed game of cards which is evidently boring them considerably. The query is "Which One of These Couples Will Be the Happier in Five Years?" the implication being that the young people who buy Dr. Eliot's books will, by constant reading aloud to each other from the works of the world's best writers, cement a companionship which will put to shame the illiterate union of the young card players.

Granted that most two-handed games of cards are dull enough to result in divorce at the end of five years, they cannot be compared to co-operative family reading as a system of home-wrecking. If LIFE were a betting periodical, we would have ten dollars to place on the chance of the following being the condition of affairs in the literary family at the end of the stated time:

(The husband is reading his evening newspaper. The wife appears, bringing a volume from the Five Foot Shelf. To-night it is Darwin's "Origin of Species.")

WIFE: Hurry up and finish that paper. We'll never get along in this Darwin if we don't begin earlier than we did last night.

HUSBAND: Well, suppose we didn't get along in it. That would suit me all right.

WIFE: If you don't want me to read it to you, just say so . . . (after-thought) if it's so far over your head, just say so.

HUSBAND: It's not over my head at all. It's just dull. Why don't we read some more out of that Italian novel?

WIFE: Ugh! I hate that. I suppose you'd rather have me read "The Sheik."

HUSBAND (nastily): No-I-wouldn't-rather-have-you-read-"The Sheik." Go on ahead with your Darwin. I'm listening.

WIFE: It's not my Darwin. I simply want to know a little something, that's all. Of course, you know everything, so you don't have to read anything more.

HUSBAND: Go on, go on.

WIFE: That last book we read was so far over—



Robert C. Benchley

Mrs. Nulywed (to husband, who has taken one bite of her first cake): You can't eat your cake and have it, too.

Mr. Nulywed: A lovely thought, dearest. I believe I prefer to have it.

HUSBAND: Go on, go on.

WIFE (reads in an injured tone one and a half pages on the selective processes of pigeons): You're asleep!

HUSBAND: I am not. The last words you read were "to this conclusion."

WIFE: Yes, well, what were the words before that?

HUSBAND: How should I know? I'm not learning the thing to recite somewhere, am I?

WIFE: Well, it's very funny that you didn't notice when I read the last sentence backward. And if you weren't asleep what were you doing with your eyes closed?

HUSBAND: I got smoke in them and was resting them for a minute. Haven't I got a right to rest my eyes a minute?

WIFE: I suppose it rests your eyes to breathe through your mouth and hold your head way over on one side.

HUSBAND: Yes it does, and wha'd-yer think of that?

WIFE: Go on and read your news-

paper. That's just about your mental speed.

HUSBAND: I'm perfectly willing to read books in this set if you'd pick any decent ones.

WIFE: Yes you are.

HUSBAND: Wha'd'yer mean "Yes you are"?

WIFE: Just what I said.

(This goes on for ten minutes and then husband draws a revolver and kills his wife.)

Robert C. Benchley.

Indian Pipes

LITTLE strange pipes, do you never Long for a sight of the sun? Could you not play him a message Of mischief and laughter and fun?

You are dim as a love long forgotten,
As sad as a smile through a tear,
In the lair of your dark forest shelter
Are you dreaming of love or of fear?

Katharine Adams.

Life



Lines

VIVIANI declares he is tired of attending sterile conferences that do not accomplish anything. He'd never make an American business man.

Progress is hitting a fast clip, but the umpire has yet to use a vacuum cleaner in dusting off the home plate.

Mr. Will Hays says that the movies are the great stabilizer.
Augean Stabilizer?

We didn't raise our tax to be a bonus.

There seems to be a question between the Free Staters and the Irish Republicans as to who can make the best Limerick.

No matter how small the dog show is, every little yelps.

Speaking of a sense of humor, how about that of the man who called them the building trades?

The perfect mechanical genius has been located down in Greenwich Village. He even has an attachment on his salary.

The New York subways are to be ordered to stop overcrowding and go back to just crowding.

It is reported that Alexander Graham Bell won't have a telephone near his study because it annoys him. Another Frankenstein.

A live plesiosaurus is said to have been discovered in Patagonia. Are they making moonshine as far south as that?

"Why has no life of Stephen Crane been written? H. G. Wells considers Crane the best writer of English in the last half-century."—*N. Y. Eve. Post*. What more do you want?

The Yankees are to pay Babe Ruth \$500 for each home run. Sounds like buying shad roe by the egg.

One consoling thought about prohibition. You have to pay so much for a case of real stuff that somehow your income tax instalments seem comparatively trivial.



The Moth and the Flame

Fiume revolutionists are receiving sympathy from Belgrade, says a newspaper account.
A little soft Slav, we presume.

Is the place where the censors review the movies called the objection room?

Viscount Lascelles has gone to live with his wife's parents at Buckingham, so things aren't so very different even among royalty.

Now we know why "soldier" is accented on the first syllable.

Everyone who voted for Prohibition did so because someone else needed it.

Standard motto of all Western horse dealers: "We back up everything we sell."

The robber who tore off a woman's skirt to get \$700 worth of Government bonds took Liberties.

A warden claims: that goat glands enabled two prisoners to scale the jail wall and get away. They ought to have known better than to use Rocky Mountain goats.

Telephone girls seem to devote little time to their calling.

One simply cannot argue with these Birth Control advocates — they're bound to avoid the issue.

The three stages: 1900, fireless cookers; 1922, wireless phones; 1950, mireless politics.

The man who wrote, "Wine is a mocker," must have tried to make some.

The judge who annulled a marriage undertaken under a hypnotic spell has been doing a rushing business ever since.

A dollar is something on which you pay war tax.

The Four-Power Treaty—three speeds forward and one reverse.

Actress Escapes Death in Early Morning Hotel Fire.—*Headline*. She leaped to fame in a single nightie.

With a Fifth Avenue church urging parents to check children at the door, it only remains for a Broadway theatre to provide facilities whereby children may make similar disposition of parents.



George S. Chappell

Mary Nash

In "Captain Applejack"

MAY I, dear Miss Nash, proclaim
In this rather public place,
How you set my heart aflame,
How you make my motor race?
May I, indiscreetly, add—
That my ardor you may see—
Even when you turn out bad,
Mary, you look good to me?

Ambrose, though he talked a lot,
Turned away, poor soul, at last.
One might know that he would not
Bind his future to your past.
What a different tale to tell,
Were I acting in your play!
Friends say I act rather well;
Try me out some matinée.

George S. Chappell.



Hymn of Hate

Dorothy Parker

I HATE the Younger Set;
They harden my arteries.

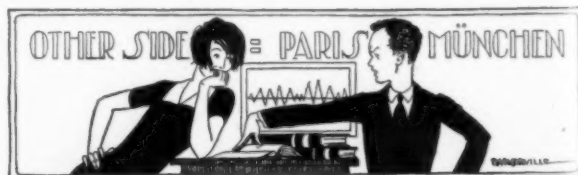
There are the Boy Authors;
The ones who are going to put *belles lettres* on their feet.
Every night before they go to sleep
They kneel down and ask H. L. Mencken
To bless them and make them good boys.
They are always carrying volumes with home-cut pages,
And saying that after all, there is only one Remy de Gourmont;
Which doesn't get any dissension out of me.
They shrink from publicity
As you or I would
From the gift of a million dollars.
At the drop of a hat
They will give readings from their works—
In department stores,
Or grain elevators,
Or ladies' dressing-rooms.
It is pretty hard to get them to show you their work;
Sometimes you even have to ask them to.
They are constantly backing you into corners,
And asking you to glance over some little things
That they just dashed off in a spare year—
Read 'em and weep!

THEN there are the Male Flappers;
The Usual Dancing Men.
They can drink one straight Orange Pekoe after another,
And you'd never know that they had had a thing.
Four debutante parties a night is bogie for them,
And their talk is very small indeed.
They never claimed to go so big at a desk,
But they can balance a plate of chicken salad, a cup of bouillon,
And a guest-room-size napkin,
And make gestures with the other hand.
They are mean boys when the orchestra starts;
They work in so many wise steps
That you can't tell whether it's a waltz or a track-meet.
No one can tie them, at a charity entertainment;
They say they have often been told
That with their talent
And the way they can wear clothes
They are simply wasting time on the amateur stage,—
I can't give them any argument on that one.

THERE are the Black Sheep;
The Boys with the Nasty Records.
They are always giving you glimpses of the darker side of life—
Telling you what time they got to bed yesterday morning.
And how many people passed out cold,
And where they went from there.
They virtually admit
That if they ever turned over a new leaf
The bootlegging industry would go straight to smash.
They are so inured to alcohol,
That as soon as they've had one cocktail,
They want to go right out and address the Senate.
They are always consulting little red notebooks,
Containing names, telephone numbers, and authors' notes,
And it is an open secret that they have met an actress.
They tell you they know they are going the pace that kills,
And then they laugh bitterly,
And say, "But what does it matter?"—
They took the words right out of my mouth.

AND there are the Heavy Thinkers;
The Gluttons for Head-Work.
They have got up a lot of novel ideas
About everybody having a right to live his own life,
And about marriage being just a few words
Muttered over you by a minister.
They say that there may be
Some Supreme Force back of the universe;
They will look into that when they get the time.
Just stand back and give them room,
And they will drop the conventions for the count.
They are pretty low in their minds about America;
They hint that its civilization
Is practically plucking at the coverlet,
And that the Other Side is the only place for intellectuals—
Bon voyage!

*I hate the Younger Set;
They harden my arteries.*





Constable Slackputter: Halt. Ye're under arrest.

Motorist: What for?

Constable Slackputter: Never ye mind. I ain't goin' tuh give ye any chance tuh think up excuses.

Wanted: A Grievance

THE Disarmament Conference, which put an end to the struggle for naval supremacy and minimized the danger of an Asiatic war, seriously cramped Mr. Hearst's style. The Irish peace has made things worse. For the time being, he has nothing to argue at England about.

That makes it difficult for his newspapers to live up to their standard as journals "for people who THINK!" Of course this situation is purely temporary—you can't keep a good Hearst down—but at the moment it is really acute; and it is up to us all to get together and think up some new grievances for the Anglophobes to air.

It seems to me that the solution lies in the Gulf Stream. This current starts in the Gulf of Mexico, off our own shores, and accumulating real American warmth. It then wanders up the United States coast and across the Atlantic, and is entirely responsible for the fact that England is a non-arctic

country. Were it not for this Gulf Stream, London would be no more than a vast expanse of ice, with possibly a small colony of igloos here and there; and Wapping-old-stairs probably would not exist at all.

In view of this, England owes a vast debt to us, and it is up to Mr. Hearst to go out and collect it. Let him urge Congress to pass an act compelling the Secretary of the Treasury each month to send a bill for heating to the British Chancellor of the Exchequer—"for services of one (1) Gulf Stream."

Of course, the English themselves will enter into the spirit of the thing, and will call us up, on cold winter mornings, to know if we're ever going to turn the heat on, reminding us that "it expressly states in the lease that the janitor must maintain a minimum temperature of 60° (F.) throughout the building." That will be fun for us all, I am sure.

And think of the editorials that Mr. Brisbane will be able to write!

R. E. Sherwood.

The Articulate Lover

LOVE, in thy presence when I seek
To sing the song that fills my heart,

I think—a lover ununique—

How weak the words, how slow to start!

How tied my tongue, how poor, I think,
The spoken phrase, how dull and trite!

Give me my paper, pen, and ink—
I say it better when I write.

And oh, my dearest, when I try
The written word, I curse the pen
And think, alas! if only I
Could see thee I could tell thee then.
And yet, although complete success
Of neither tongue nor pen be mine,
Thou must, carissima, confess
I'm goldarned good in either line.

Franklin P. Adams.

CENSUS MAN: Married or single?
CATERBY: Fifty-fifty.



"My Word!"

When Legs Is Art

"'Legs is legs,' and Pavlova should cover them up."
—Dispatch to New York Herald from Emporia, Kan.

EMPORIA! Emporia! Why won't you have a heart?
We know that legs "is" always legs, but aren't they
sometimes Art?

You've put the ban on cigarettes, Emporia, but you
In carping at Pavlova's limbs do what you shouldn't do.

Emporia and Kansas and their William Allen White
Are of the nation's assets, and we know they're always
right;

But wouldn't you be broader, and play a nobler part,
To see that, in the highest sense, Pavlova's legs is Art?

E. S. V. Z.

The Stranger Chez Lui

SOFT, shaded lights and a continuous procession of luxurious motors outside measured the hotel's standing. Loud voices within told its popularity. New York's worshipers of wealth, of success, of ambition, flocked nightly to its dining room.

Spinach was listed at a price per portion that would have done credit to any issue of industrial stock. Opposite the roasts were figures that would have commanded a union leader's respect as a wage scale.

It was, unquestionably, the place of places.

My friend very kindly pointed out the celebrities.

"That squat man over there," he said. "The one who has just sent a message to the orchestra leader. He's Isidor Mensky. Tom Burns, you know. Writes all the song hits about Dixie. Born in Odessa. Big success, that boy. Makes two hundred thousand a year, if he makes a sou.

"You see that elderly man at that table in the corner: the one with the big jug of orange juice? That's Swiggins. Owns a chain of barber shops.

One on every corner. He came here from Little Nose, Texas. Didn't have a cent when he hit town. Now he's got two apartments on the Drive and a house on the Avenue. Soft for him, I'll say.

"That dignified gentleman who just stopped to talk to him is Turton. He owns this hotel. Used to clerk in the Traveller's House, European and American plan, Squinton, Ohio. Broke in here as a coat-room boy and bought his boss out ten months later. Now he rolls in it. He knows what New Yorkers want, though. You have to hand it to him for that.

"The lady in the orchid gown being shown to her table is Carmencita, the famous modiste. Some people say she came from Cork, but I'm not sure. Somewhere in Ireland, though. She was a housemaid for a time, but not for long. Opened a dressmaker's shop on Sixth Avenue and two years later was over on Fifth. Great how they do it.

"The man escorting her is Señor Marvella, the tenor. Father was a street cleaner in Naples. Of course

you know what he gets. Every paper in town publishes it five or six times a year, each giving its favorite version."

An unimpressive man passed and, unostentatiously, took a seat at the worst table in the room. He was almost hidden behind an onyx pillar.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Can't say," my friend answered, "but I'll find out."

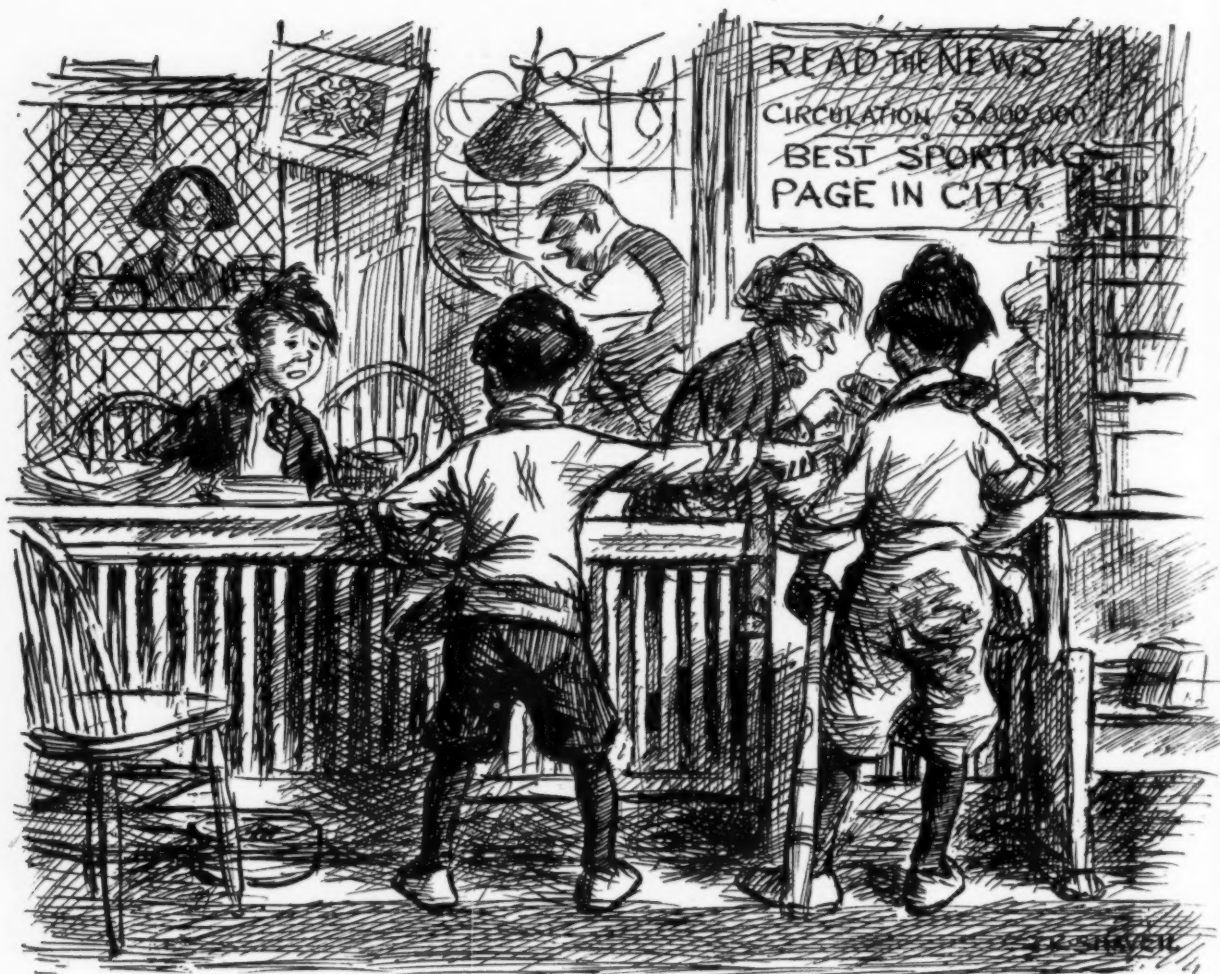
He asked our waiter. Our waiter passed the inquiry to the head waiter. That dignitary, ruffled, consulted the manager. The latter, annoyed, questioned the room clerk. None knew. Finally the manager went to Olympus. He interviewed the owner and, by devious routes, the information came back to us.

"Beg pawdon, sirs," said our waiter, "but no one seems to know the gentleman's name. In fact, sirs, if you will pawdon my observing it, he seems to be without friends or acquaintances. He never comes he-ah with anyone, sirs. Always alone. It seems, though, that it is known that he is a native New Yorker."

James K. McGuinness.



Lady (at paying teller's window): I want to open a charge account, please.



"Say! This here kid lined out a three-bagger. Where's the sportin' editor?"

Efficiency

A Very Busy Business Man Decides that Short-Story Writing Is a Cinch, and Writes One to Prove It.

JIM HARTFORD had stopped at the White Front Service Station to have his roadster restocked with oil, gas and air. His golf clubs were in the car and he was on his way to the Club—for the balmy spring day was ideal for golfing.

After paying his bill he drove out of the service station and was about to swing around in the direction of the Club Road when he happened to notice a girl—what is more to the point, a very pretty girl—suitcase in hand, standing on the curb and frowning impatiently. Following her gaze he noticed that the street car for which she seemed to be waiting had skidded off the track half a block down the street. In its present predicament it might be delayed an hour.

The girl was evidently in a great hurry. Acting on impulse—for Hartford was by nature timid about this sort of thing—he stopped the roadster opposite her and said:

"I—I beg pardon. I hope I'm not presumptuous. But you seem to be in a hurry. Can I give you a lift?"

The girl blushed slightly, hesitated, eyed him carefully and replied: "No, no, sir. I thank you, but I can wait for

the car,—or else call a taxi. I shouldn't want to trouble you."

Ordinarily Hartford would have lifted his hat and driven on without a word. But he—

Aw, what's the use of wasting two thousand words leading up to it? You already know what's going to happen, anyhow. Hartford marries her in the end—or, if you prefer an unexpected ending, something happens and he doesn't marry her. Again, if you prefer an unhappy ending, the roadster blows up and kills both of them—or as many people as you like.

"Here, Miss Roche, mail this story to some magazine that pays well. . . . Now, take a letter to Waymore and Company, Seattle. . . ."

Barrie Payne.

The Wise Years

THE years are wise that bring us dreams denied,

That leave our deepest hopes ungratified;

For what of earth and life, all we adore,

When men shall strive and hope and dream no more?



April Fool



MARCH 30, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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TH E world is wallowing in political complexities, aggravated by diversities of complexion and religion. The most interesting goings-on at this writing are in India. Some things were sown in the war and are coming up, but most matters that are agitating at this time were sown long ago, and have come up now because the forces that have kept them down are weaker since the war, and they have a chance to push above ground. So the discharge of Ireland from British rule is only in its details a result of the war, for it was almost accomplished before the war began, and indeed was put back by that disturbance.

So with India. Whatever is going to happen in India has been a long time coming, and has been foreseen by wise men who knew the facts, and the wonder will be that it did not happen sooner.

Meredith Townsend, formerly an editor of the London *Spectator*, said in a book published long before the war, that the government of India by the English was a miracle. It is a miracle, he said, "not in the rhetorician's sense but in the theologian's sense; a thing which exists and is alive, but cannot be accounted for by any process of reasoning founded on experience; a structure built on nothing, without foundations, held in its place by some force the nature of which has never been explained." So he felt about it after years of work in India. He approved of it considerably but did not see how it could go on.

When Townsend wrote, Great Britain maintained in India about sixty-five thousand soldiers to back its rule in a country of three hundred million peo-

ple, including millions of excellent fighting men. That was astonishing and yet it was done and had been done for a hundred years. England never ruled India by force. She did it by brains and will power and knowledge, and did it extremely well in many particulars. Townsend thought she would presently go home bag and baggage and that everything she had done in India would disappear. He thought the Asiatics greatly disliked the Englishmen and the civilization of Europe, and would get rid of both at the first convenient opportunity.



IT looks less like it now than it did before the war. One remembers the India troops that came into the war. Perhaps out of that great association have come things that would modify Mr. Townsend's opinion if he were alive to consider them. India does not hate England as an oppressor. She seems to know what English rule has done and to respect it very much, but to dislike it extremely. She does not hate the English as oppressors, but she dislikes them incurably as reformers and as promoters of a civilization that is antagonistic to the mind and civilization of Asia. England has made India quite safe and fairly comfortable, but has not yet made her happy. Neither has she perceptibly put her in the way of progress by evolution. With all her virtues she has dealt with the Hindoos too much as buyers and consumers, and not enough as souls. India under the English seems to be slowly losing her capacity for self-government and also her native arts. Her creative energy has not increased under the English rule.

That seems to be what Gandhi sees and complains of and is working to correct. Gandhi is a great doctor of the Hindoo soul. He is heading a movement against British rule not because he hates England, for he does not seem to, but because he thinks that British rule and the material civilization of Europe is not good for Hindoos. It keeps them alive; it deters them from being killed in wars; but it does not seem to conduct them along on the evolutionary lines on which it belongs to them to work out. That is where Gandhi is strong and very, very remarkable, so that the outcome of his movement is fit to be watched with the greatest respect. He is a very much respected man, an ascetic who can live on next to nothing and does it. His business is mostly with the spirit. He discourages armed revolt. He never seizes an opportunity when England is in a tight place to crowd her. He helped her against the Boers in South Africa and has said he will not support armed revolt in India. He works purely with passive resistance. Perhaps he will work India loose and be a great factor in starting again the development of all Asia on Asiatic lines.



SO the trouble in London is not a matter of the indiscretion of Mr. Montagu, the Secretary for India. It is a great fundamental difficulty, a real clash between Asia and Europe, not at present in arms but in ideas, beliefs, desires and aspirations. Drink is not good for Hindoos. It is not good for the brown people anywhere. Apparently our industrial civilization is not good for them either. It is none too good for us, but we are very hardy and seem

to be able to stand it. Our evolution seems to go along on lines that include an immense use of machinery. Maybe the evolution of Asia does not, and if it does not, our methods should not be forced on Asia. The war has made that plain. The war did very great things indeed. It made compulsion extremely distasteful and exposed its futility. At the same time it made new ties between Great Britain and all her dominions. The great virtues of the English and their masterful intelligence and capacity as rulers, and their extraordinary sense of justice and ability to think new thoughts, accomplished that.

Immense changes are proceeding in human life, in politics, in religion all over the world. Watch this remarkable unrest in India. It is mixed up now with Mohammedanism. Every fifth Hindoo is a Mohammedan. It touches the Turks and the Treaty of Sévres that undertook to settle the size and fate of Turkey and the concerns of Palestine and Asia Minor and Egypt. It is a very large and interesting disturbance and the prospect is good that when it is over it will leave the world

considerably different from what it found it. The English will either be rulers in India, or they will get out. If they lose their main job there they will hardly lag superfluous. Their spare energy is likely then to go to the development of the English-speaking countries all over the world.

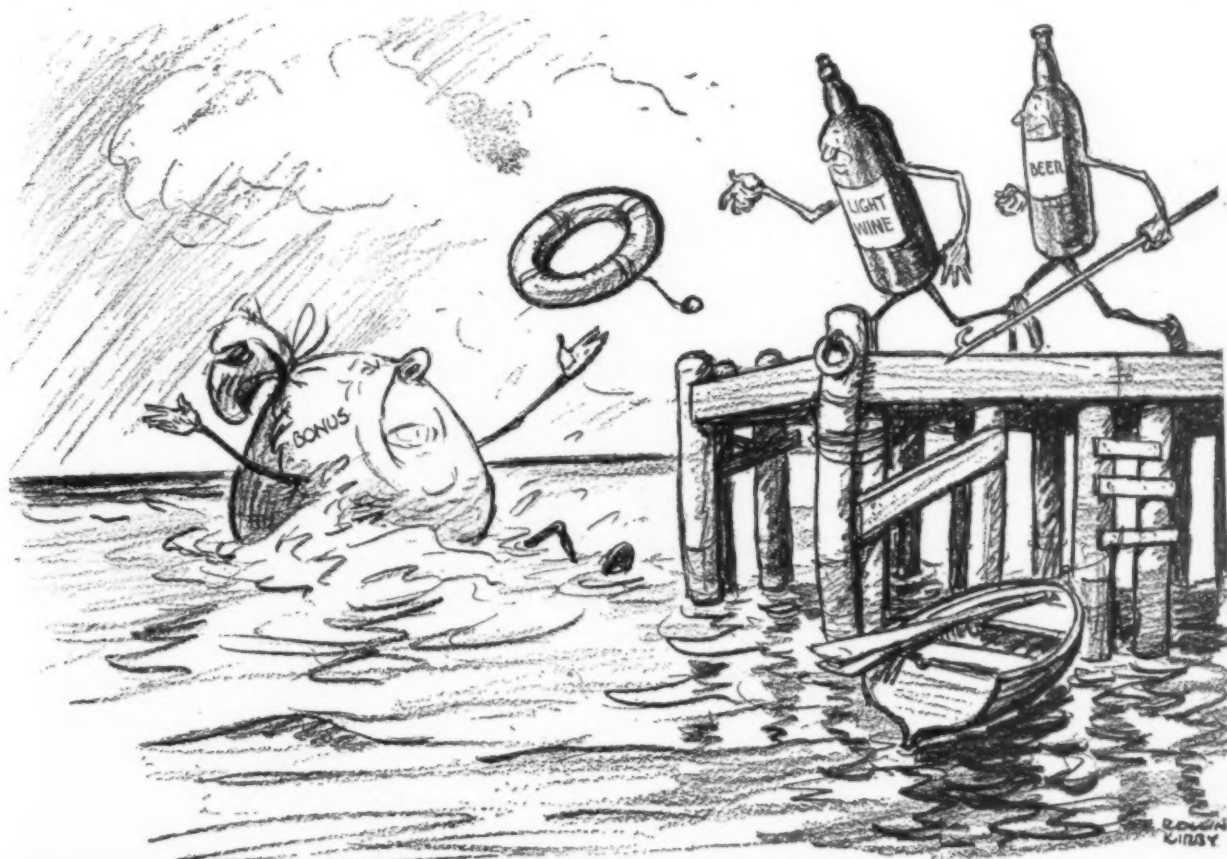


HOW came we human creatures to be so variously complexed, so different in abilities, in energies, in disposition, in capacity? Did we get it all from the monkeys? Mr. Bryan and the Kentucky protestants have been beaten by a narrow margin in their efforts to keep that theory out of the schools, but it is small help to the monkeys. Their case as our progenitors is not proved and they are not doing anything to prove it, and there are dropped stitches in the arguments which the Darwinians have knitted which they cannot seem to pick up. Dr. Fairfield Osborn's pictures of primitive men in his book about the Stone Age are too

conjectural and too comic to help the case much, though they are amusing.

Mr. Townsend, quoted above, says: "Man really knows nothing of his earliest history, and unless assisted by beings older than himself, who must exist, though unrecognizable by him, he never will know anything of it." That seems to suggest that the spiritists when they become sufficiently expert, may tap the cosmic memory and help us to an understanding of how we came to be what we are. Maybe they will, for some of them begin to do very curious things. Meantime our comprehension of what we are really seems to be improving. Sixty years ago most Americans in the North thought of negroes as black white men, but they are not. The black man, the white man, the yellow man, the brown man, all have different insides, and particularly different minds, and none of them seem to like to be governed by persons not of their own family and none of them ought to be if they have the capacity for self-government and for progress. But to change old habits is a long job.

E. S. M.



The Only Way



A Hopewell Case
Time (the Warder) to the visiting Centuries: I've seen some pretty



Hopeless Case
 en some pretty bad cases in my time, but this one beats them all.



The Last Two Million Words

COMPLAINTS have come to this office that American culture is too superficial. The reason given is that Americans as a nation have not suffered, have not been through the fire. Our civilization is too young, it is said, for us to have had a chance to feel, as the older civilizations of Europe have felt, the knout of great community tribulation.

We have not the data at hand to refute this. But certain it is that a little group of Americans on the Atlantic seaboard have just gone through an experience which should have advanced their culture through suffering by at least ten centuries. They have sat through the three parts of "Back to Methuselah," and on their brow is the mark of ages.

During the æons which have groaned past since that first night when they entered the Garrick Theatre, mere children in mind and spirit, they have heard 34,698 definitions of elementary words (and not very good definitions at that), 75,496 dirty digs at Lloyd George, 45,000 interpretations of the spirit of Art and three hundred million words dealing in general with Creative Evolution.

On the credit side they have seen some remarkable settings by Lee Simonson, enjoyed enough scenes to make in all perhaps one inspiring evening's entertainment, and have been present at the crucifixion of as brave a little band of actors as ever faced an audience.

Next week: The Koran. Tickets include performances from April to October. There will be an intermission in the early summer for the convenience of patrons who wish to change to light-weight clothing.



"UP THE LADDER" joins "The National Anthem" in pointing out the terrific ways of the young people of to-day, and although it can by no stretch of the imagination be called worth more than seven or eight cents, it does get its message over without the use of the white tie or the upraised forefinger. Doris Kenyon, who plays the lead, is very pretty. We seem to remember that she sang nicely in some play last season. She really ought to do more with her singing.



ANOTHER great big show has come to the Century. The name this time seems to be "The Rose of Stamboul," and it is distinguishable from its predecessors chiefly by the fact that there is more red in it.

Tessa Kosta sings again, with no apparent diminution in the delicacy and sweetness of her notes; James Barton is again much funnier than he has any right to be, considering the material he has been given (some outsider did steal up, however, and insert a really clever classical dance burlesque for him while the management wasn't looking), and Donald Brian has been replaced by Marion Green. So, on the whole, a pleasant evening may be had at "The Rose of Stamboul" if you don't mind seeing it all again. The management enthusiastically advertises it as being "the Peer of all Musical Productions." Whatever the management may think that "peer" means, it is as good a word as any for the occasion.



"THE HAIRY APE," Eugene O'Neill's latest play to be produced in New York, may well be considered the most powerful thing he has done. The little stage at the Provincetown Theatre fairly bursts its seams with the brute force of the message and the almost terrifying strength of its expression. (And, incidentally, in that tiny space are produced scenic effects which make those of up-town theatres appear like something you might do in the barn.)

The downward course of the giant stoker, who seems throughout the play to be the baffled embodiment of Rodin's "Le Penseur," from the stoke-hole of his ship to the cage of the hairy ape, is made all the more impressive by the vivid performance of Louis Wolheim.

The combination of the strength of O'Neill's conception and the force which Wolheim brings to its execution constitutes an experience in the theatre which is moving in so far as the congested conditions in the Provincetown Theatre will permit one to be moved. For all these conditions, however, it would be well to see "The Hairy Ape" before it moves up-town (as it unquestionably must), for Jones and Throckmorton have achieved a focus with their effects on this miniature stage which may be lost or diffused in a larger and more commercial theatre.



THE Hippodrome has taken on a new glamour for us. Joe Jackson is back. Along about three in the afternoon and nine in the evening we feel the old call stealing over us, for we know that then the great stage is being made empty for the timid, gazelle-like entrance of our favorite hero. The back-drop is a different one this season, and the Kum-apart bicycle is in a stylish rack instead of leaning against the delicatessen store as of yore. But Joe Jackson is the same. In the midst of world upheaval it is a comforting thought.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Back to Methuselah. *Garrick.*—Second week of the three-week endurance contest between George Bernard Shaw and the Theatre Guild. Audience third. All started.

The Bat. *Morosco.*—Forty guesses on the murderer, all wrong until the final curtain.

Bulldog Drummond. *Knickerbocker.*—A grand show, with villains to hiss and shots in the dark.

The Cat and the Canary. *National.*—Guaranteed to make the hair on a toupee stand on end.

The First Fifty Years. *Princess.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Hairy Ape. *Provincetown.*—Reviewed in this issue.

He Who Gets Slapped. *Fulton.*—A tragic tale of the circus beautifully told.

The Hindu. *Comedy.*—To be reviewed next week.

Lawful Larceny. *Republic.*—Interesting and well acted in spite of itself.

Montmartre. *Belmont.*—Something from the French.

The National Anthem. *Henry Miller's.*—Laurette Taylor in a four-act preachment on jazz and licker.

The Nest. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Among the few really fine things in town.

The Pigeon. *Frazee.*—Soothing.

Your Woman and Mine. *Klaw.*—One of those.

Comedy and Things Like That

Captain Applejack. *Cort.*—Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash in burlesque romance which can hardly fail to amuse.

The Czarina. *Empire.*—Delightful scenes from the not-too private life of Catherine of Russia, with Doris Keane in the title rôle.

The Demi-Virgin. *Eltinge.*—Small-town dirt for the great metropolis.

The Dover Road. *Bijou.*—Charles Cherry and an excellent cast in a comedy worth seeing.

The First Year. *Little.*—You probably have seen it once but it seems even better the second time.

The French Doll. *Lyceum.*—An ordinary play made more enjoyable than it deserves by Irene Bordoni and a good supporting company.

Just Married. *Nora Bayes.*—Bedroom farce enhanced by the comedy of Lynne Overman.

Kiki. *Belasco.*—One of the outstanding individual performances of the season by Lenore Ulric as the little French chorus girl.

Madame Pierre. *Ritz.*—A deft serio-comic French importation, excellently done by Estelle Winwood and Roland Young.

Madeleine and the Movies. *Gaiety.*—George M. Cohan and his daughter in a rapid and amusing trifle.

The Mountain Man. *Masine Elliott's.*—Not so much of a play but unusual work by Sidney Blackmer.

The Rubicon. *Hudson.*—What the chambermaid told the cook.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris.*—Highly amusing automobile troubles, with Ernest Truex and June Walker as the worried pair.

Thank You. *Longacre.*—Evangelical drama, with considerable entertainment value nevertheless.

To the Ladies! *Liberty.*—Containing some most original and devastating satire, mixed with good old-fashioned entertainment.

The Truth About Blayds. *Booth.*—To be reviewed next week.

Up the Ladder. *Playhouse.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Voltaire. *Plymouth.*—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador.*—Franz Schubert's melodies adapted with sympathy and to good effect.

The Blue Kitten. *Selwyn.*—Joseph Cawthorn in a musical show.

The Blushing Bride. *Astor.*—All right if you are easily pleased.

Bombo. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Al Jolson. That's all, but it's enough.

Chauve-Souris. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Russian entertainers doing old stuff with naive skill.

For Goodness Sake. *Lyric.*—Good dancing at times.

Get Together. *Hippodrome.*—Joe Jackson is back and April is here. Heigh-ho!

Good Morning Dearie! *Globe.*—A good show if you can get in.

The Hotel Mouse. *Shubert.*—Frances White with some new songs.

Marjolaine. *Broadhurst.*—A charming musical comedy made from "Pomander Walk," with Peggy Wood singing the lead.

The Music Box Revue. *Music Box.*—High priced but high class.

The Perfect Fool. *George M. Cohan's.*—Ed Wynn at his best.

The Rose of Stamboul. *Century.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Sally. *New Amsterdam.*—To be reviewed later.

Tangerine. *Casino.*—Julia Sanderson in a good show.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 30. Mr. Walter Baker's faithful maidservant invites a few personal friends to an informal kokoklatch.



The Carpenters Told the Boys Not to Take Wood More than a Foot Long.

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Airy Fairytales

The Horrible Story of Blue Beard, Jr.

Henry William Hanemann

"MY DEAR," said Mr. Beard one sunny morning to his attractive young wife, "I have to go down to Pinehurst on a very important law case. Here are all the keys to the house. The littlest key opens the attic door. Don't touch. *Défendu!*"

And he pinched her cheek and shouldered his golf bag and departed for Pinehurst on his very important business.

Naturally, it wasn't long before young Mrs. Beard's curiosity about the attic reached several hundred degrees. So she took the littlest key, opened the door and found—exactly what you imagined she'd find, bottles and bottles and bottles of it.

Oh, what a fat party there was that night! More fun . . . more hair nets ruined! And once started, Mrs. Beard, who had been told to amuse herself anyway, continued entertaining until the supply of entertainment was entirely exhausted.

Soon after that her husband returned, all sunburned from working on the law case. "Where's the littlest key?" he demanded at once.

"Since you told me to leave it alone," his wife answered, "I've put it safely away."

"Well, you chase right after it," said Blue (he was called "Blue" because he had once made a touchdown against Harvard in a Yale-Harvard game), and he smacked his lips.

When Mrs. Beard returned with the littlest key, Blue took it and sniffed.

"Bacardi!" he yelled. Greatly dismayed, he rushed up to the attic. In less time than it takes to stir a highball, he knew all. His face grew livid.

"That settles it!" he declared angrily. "You and I are through."

"No, no!" sobbed Mrs. Beard. But Blue Beard made a horrible face and stamped downstairs, and began throwing the wedding presents through the French windows.

Mrs. Beard rushed to the telephone and called up her father. "I used

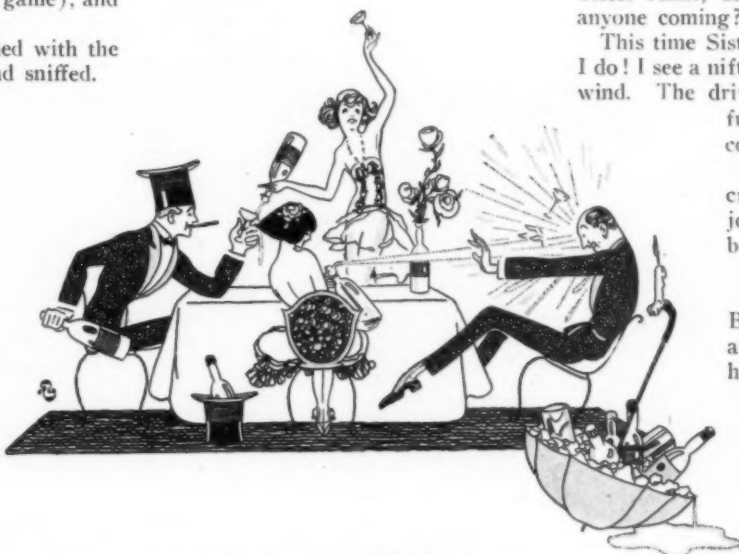


"The littlest key—don't touch!"

up all of Blue's liquor," she explained, "and he's gone off his nut. Save me!"

Posting her Sister Anne at the bedroom window as a lookout, she ran downstairs again in a brave attempt to assuage her husband's wrath with a mixture of furniture oil and metal polish.

But Blue would not be pacified. He stamped and stormed about, beating the



"More fun . . . more hair nets ruined!"

top of the piano with the cloisonné vase Aunt Emma sent. He pulled all the legs off the Louis Quinze chairs and threw them at the light fixtures. Between barrages, Mrs. Beard ran to the stair-landing and cried in great anguish:

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, don't you see anyone on the road?"

And Sister Anne replied:

"No one but poor Mr. Duffy, trying to get his ball out of a sand trap."

Blue Beard grew wilder and wilder. Ever and anon, his distracted wife would sneak to the stair-landing and call: "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see no one on the road?"

And Sister Anne would reply:

"No one but Mr. Duffy, who is hunting for a lost ball."

Blue Beard grew worse and worse and began to trail Mrs. Beard about the living room. "Sister Anne, Sister Anne," she shrieked, as she went around and around, "don't you see anybody at all on the road?"

And Sister Anne replied:

"Not a soul but Mr. Duffy, who is pulverizing the head of his favorite ivory-faced spoon."

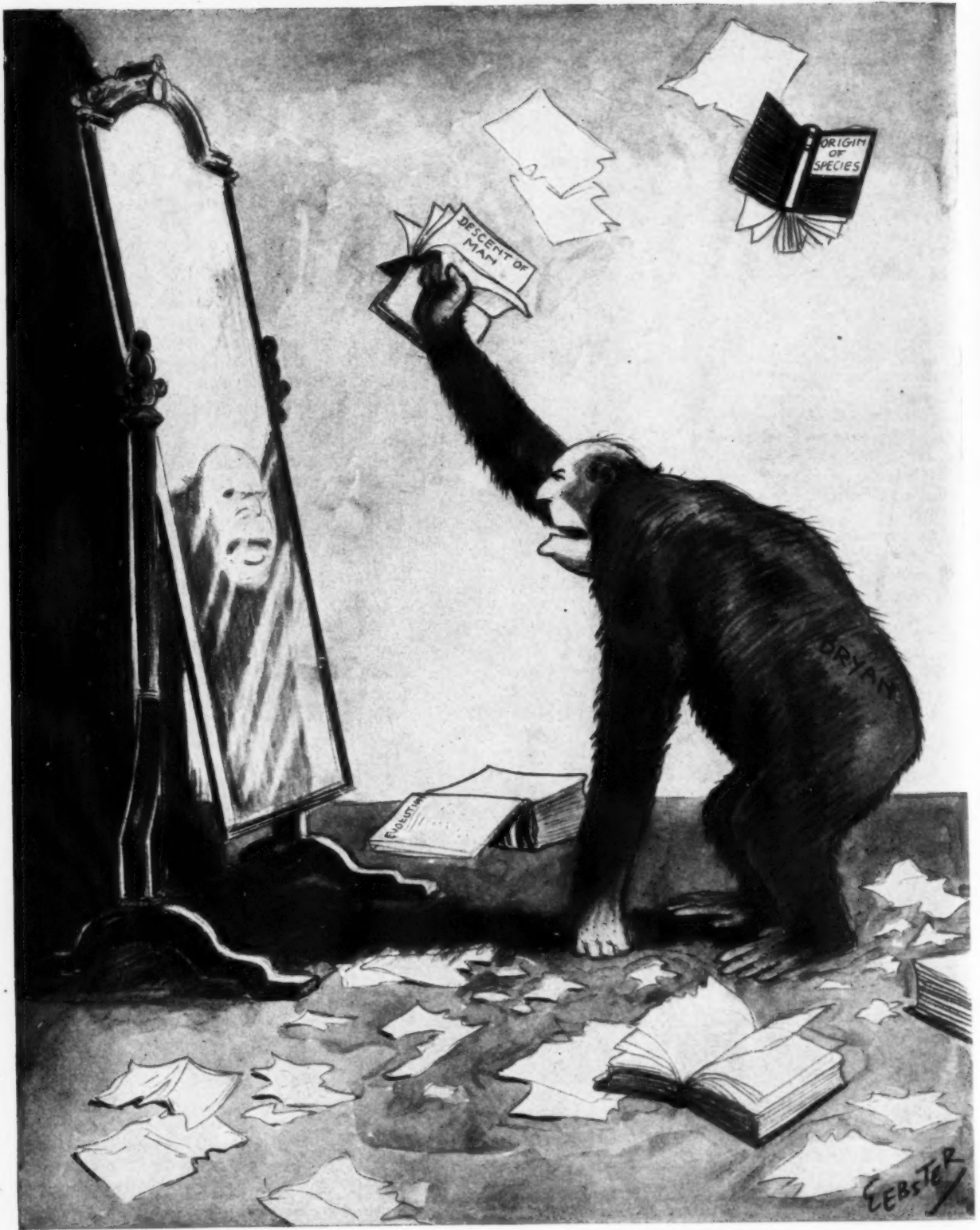
Faster and faster went Blue Beard after his unlucky spouse. Faster and faster ran poor Mrs. Beard. When Blue finally tripped over a gathering in the rug, she had hardly enough breath left to cry once more: "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you or don't you see anyone coming?"

This time Sister Anne replied: "Yes, I do! I see a nifty sedan coming like the wind. The driver has on a beautiful fur coat with a real seal collar."

"Thank Heaven!" cried young Mrs. Beard, joyfully, "that's father's bootlegger."

* * *

After a bit, Blue Beard calmed down and apologized humbly for his ungentlemanly conduct. The very next week Mrs. Beard had a new roadster, a genuine Oriental pearl necklace and the loveliest little platinum and diamond kangaroo for her wrist.



"It's a Lie!"

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"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

On Being a Bigamist

THE lives of several men of whom I have been lately reading have greatly fascinated me; but among them all, two stand out with such malicious and colorful gallantry that they have almost completely engrossed my attention. Both were bigamists, and derived their chief happiness from this diverting amusement. One of them had married three wives, and was trailing a fourth when he was caught, poor chap—right in the midst of his jolly trailing. The other had married ten, and was resting up a bit from his hard work when aroused from his celibate slumbers (so temporary!) to offer undignified explanations to an unfeeling jury—a jury presumably wholly composed of ordinary persons who were satisfied to live with one wife. Could anything be more unjust? How can a singly married man be expected to enter into the emotions of one whose capacity for loving is continuous and confined to no state or territory?

This leads me to reflect upon bigamy in general, and upon the courage and, indeed, all of the diverse and delightful qualities required to pursue it. Who

would not be a bigamist? Probably most of us are moral cowards. Consider the heroism of any man who doesn't even care how many honeymoons he undertakes.

It seems strange that bigamists should be regarded with such disfavor by the majority. They undoubtedly marry a lot of people who would not be married in any other manner. They have to be somewhat hurried in their arrangements, and are probably not so particular. Thus they bring joy into lives that might never have a romance. If I were a successful bigamist and had married, well, say a round dozen of ladies, it would afford me the greatest satisfaction to think that I had given them all so much to look backward upon. Then again, one has really done nothing to prevent them—if they can—from being regularly married again. And their previous experience certainly ought to be a help.

It must be delightful to have the ability to attract women in such quantities and, at the same time, the self-control necessary to be able to drop them at the proper moment and take

on somebody else. What I like about the bigamist is that he goes straight to the heart of things. He reasons, quite rightly, that love is the greatest thing in the world, and that the trouble with the world is that there isn't enough of it. And his view is so big and broad that our restricted minds fail to grasp it. Yet he treats love just as Nature would and does. He knows, instinctively, that the individual doesn't count. The main point is to get married as often as possible, to start a series of chain loves, to stir a lot of people up to love's possibilities. He goes after ladies who have saved money, knowing that unless they are awakened to the thrill of romance they will keep on hoarding it, to the detriment of society in general. He thus stimulates trade, and helps the railroads. The fact is that we are all bigamists at heart, and are afraid to acknowledge it.

T. L. M.

Personal Application

"Is poker a matter of luck, or does science enter into it?"

"It's science if you win; luck if you lose."



"For the Defense"

THE best indoor melodrama that I have seen for a long time is a 10,000-volt thriller entitled "For the Defense." It is a picture that is technically perfect, there being no appreciable defect in the direction, the acting, the continuity or the general atmosphere. It serves to boost its director, Paul Powell, right up into the front rank.

Ethel Clayton is the star, her rôle being that of a prima donna who temporarily loses her voice. She consults a sinister Hindu specialist, who cures her of her affliction by hypnotic methods, and then attempts to abduct her. Just as she is about to start warbling "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," a hand is thrust through the curtains. Bang! Bang!—and the heroine finds herself wandering through a scene that looks as if it had been clipped from "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

Fortunately, the prima donna's fiancé is the District Attorney, and things turn out well in the end. This, by the way, is the 6978th movie that has had a District Attorney for a hero, so that the District Attorneys are now tied with the Canadian Northwest Mounted Policemen for first place.

Miss Clayton is excellent, as is Bertram Grassby, as the hypnotic Hindu. But the chief honors must go to Zasu Pitts, erstwhile two-reel comedienne, who combines the talents of Louise Fazenda with those of Lillian Gish.

Scenery

I HAVE always liked the movie "scenics," because they showed beautiful landscapes with no actors in the foreground to interrupt the view. Of late, however, there has been a tendency to introduce that dangerous ele-

ment, plot, into the scenic pictures, so that they may possess dramatic as well as pictorial value. In some cases this experiment has proved successful; in others—otherwise.

The Chester "Screenics," as they are called, mix pictures of marvelous beauty with sub-titles of equally marvelous banality. Photographs of the Yosemite, the Jungfrau, the Vale of Cashmere or Loch Lomond are described with painfully ancient wheezes—and the effect is decidedly unpleasant.

The exact opposite of this poor taste is to be found in the Bruce Wilderness Tales. Mr. Bruce is not only an indefatigable worker, taking his camera to the most outlandish places to obtain the best pictures, but he has the intelligence to realize that the beauty and grandeur of his subjects deserve treatment somewhat different from that which is accorded Mutt and Jeff cartoon comedies. I can recommend his four latest films in the highest terms. They are all scenes from the Pacific Northwest, and their titles are "My Country," "Missing Men," "And Women Must Weep" and "The One Man Reunion."

On the same high level of merit are the Post Nature Pictures. Two of their recent offerings are "A Winter's Tale" and "Western Ways," in both of which the principal performer is a small dog. He scurries around in the snow and impersonates a Western badman, and while he is not quite so stalwart as the police-dog star of "The Silent Call," he is just as talented.

"Polly of the Follies"

THE latest Constance Talmadge-Emerson-Loos opus, "Polly of the Follies," sets such a furious pace in its earlier reels that it has great difficulty

in keeping up with itself. Toward the end, it becomes a bit tired and its feet begin to drag. But that one criticism should not be permitted to cloud the fact that, for the most part, "Polly of the Follies" is magnificently funny.

In its story, it appears to be a screen version of "Sally"—which means that it is exactly the same as all the other variations of the Cinderella theme. But it gives Constance Talmadge an opportunity to be more roguish than ever, and it calls forth many roaring sub-titles from Emerson and Loos.

One of the characters in the picture is Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld. The actor who plays the part is unnamed, but he gives the best interpretation of a historical rôle that has been seen since Frank McGlynn's performance in "Abraham Lincoln."

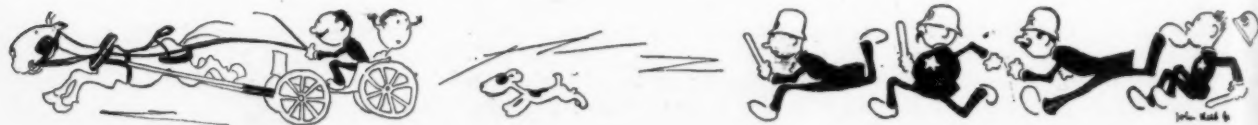
"Love's Boomerang"

A PLEASANT story of life and love in a French traveling circus is furnished in "Love's Boomerang," the first picture that John S. Robertson has sent us since he went to England to work. It has a delicate, William J. Lockean quality of treatment. Unfortunately, it hasn't a William J. Locke story to back it up; but it is well acted, and its backgrounds are delightful.

BY the way, it is announced that Mr. Robertson is to make a movie of A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel, "If Winter Comes." If anyone else were to do it, there would be cause for shuddering. But after seeing what Mr. Robertson did with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Sentimental Tommy," one can afford to be optimistic.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31)



Whitman's

Quality Group

THE SAMPLER—A happy selection from ten other popular packages of Whitman's.

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED—For many tastes nut meats, carefully hand picked, blended with Whitman's Chocolate are the ideal confections.

PLEASURE ISLAND PACKAGE—A quaint and curious idea expressing the value of the chocolates in the symbol of a pirate's treasure chest.

A FUSSY PACKAGE—Selected chocolates with nut, caramel and other "chewey" centers. Contains no creams.

SALMAGUNDI CHOCOLATES—A medley of good things in an artistic metal box.

SUPER EXTRA CHOCOLATES—The package, containing a wide assortment, that first made Whitman's famous, back in 1842.

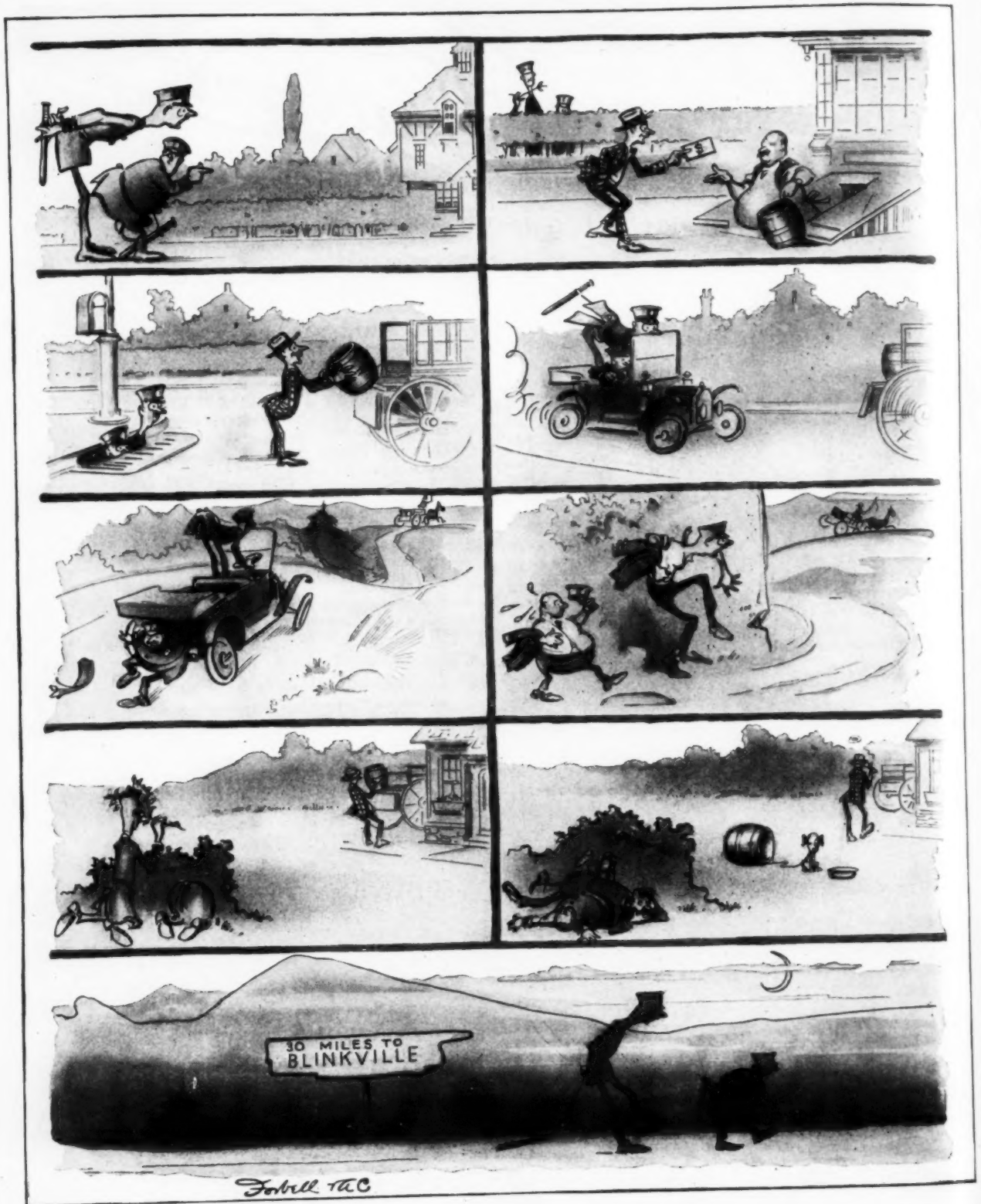
THE LIBRARY PACKAGE—Shaped like a book bound in hand buffed green and gold. The contents please every student of sweets.

These await your pleasure in the nearby selected store which is the Whitman agency and receives its supplies direct from Whitman's.

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New York Life Insurance Co.

(Incorporated under the Laws of New York)

346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Seventy-Seventh Annual Statement

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President

Balance Sheet, January 1, 1922

Securities at Market Value as furnished by Insurance Department State of New York

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate.....	\$8,362,881.00	Policy Reserve.....	\$787,157,463.00
Mortgage Loans.....	183,722,805.92	Other Policy Liabilities.....	28,527,025.08
Policy Loans.....	164,305,141.17	Premiums, Interest and Rentals prepaid	4,361,995.18
Collateral Loans.....	2,301,000.00	Taxes, Salaries, Rentals, Accounts, etc.	7,549,037.63
Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes Government, State, Province, County and Municipal Bonds..	120,628,900.00	Additional Reserves.....	7,485,874.00
Railroad Bonds.....	155,439,933.50	Dividends payable in 1922.....	42,287,368.71
Miscellaneous Bonds and Stocks.	271,524,487.07	Reserve for Deferred Dividends....	59,303,179.00
Cash	7,325,003.00	Reserves, special or surplus funds not included above.....	15,960,196.20
Uncollected and Deferred Pre- miums	11,067,144.16		
Interest and Rents due and ac- crued, etc.....	14,674,443.08		
Total	\$952,632,138.80	Total	\$952,632,138.80

Paid to and on Account of Policy-holders during 1921.....	\$124,308,409.00
Loaned Policy-holders during 1921 under Policy Contracts.....	40,871,382.00
Loaned on farms during 1921.....	15,004,330.00
Loaned on Mortgages for housing purposes during 1921	9,646,991.00
Loaned on Business Property during 1921.....	11,358,909.00

The earning power of Ledger Assets, including Cash in Bank, advanced 0.16% during the year.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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S. DAVIES WARFIELD



Her Little Diversion

They were talking about women friends. "Do you see Emma often," one inquired. "Oh, yes, quite frequently," the other replied.

"Is she happily married?"

"Is she? I'll say she is. Why, that girl is so happily married she has to go to the theatre for a good cry."

—*Indianapolis News.*

Blooeey!

"I hear young Browne has started manufacturing the new fire extinguisher he invented. How's he getting along?"

"Not so well. One of the extinguishers exploded and burned up his factory."

—*Nashville Tennessean.*

Which Couple?

Sign in a London shop—To celebrate the engagement of our Princess.

Sausage Roll and Glass of Bitter, 4d
God bless them both.

—*Boston Transcript.*

"How old is this stuff?"

"Four years."

"How time does fly!"

—*Stanford Chaparral.*



THE BARGAIN SALE

First Dog (fed up with waiting): They say this sale's going to run for three days.

Second Dog: Oh, golly!—and my mistress has only been inside a couple of hours.

—*London Opinion.*

"She Look Good"

"The following letter from an incipient distiller to a company offering electric washing machines for sale might be taken to indicate that vendors of washing machines are overlooking a fertile field," reports the *Howell County Gazette*.

"The letter says: 'Puritan, Mo. Dear Sir: your macheen she look good to me. How many galons will she hold and how much money will it cost to put pipe for cooling. Does she work on wheat or barley or corn. You work great bluff on wash macheen. I laf. You let me know what it take to fix me up.'"

—*Missouri Notes, Kansas City Times.*

Wrong Tack

The Dean had a hardboiled Freshman on the carpet. The Dean decided to take a fatherly attitude.

"If you were in my place," he asked kindly, "what would you do?"

"I'd resign."—*Wesleyan Advance.*

The Music-Lovers

"Why do you go to the concerts if you don't know anything about music?"

"I like to watch the faces of the people who don't know anything either."

Fliegende Blätter (Munich).

"Ise Kreime Saylune" over the door of a Cincinnati establishment is probably the coldest spell of the season.

—*Chicago News.*

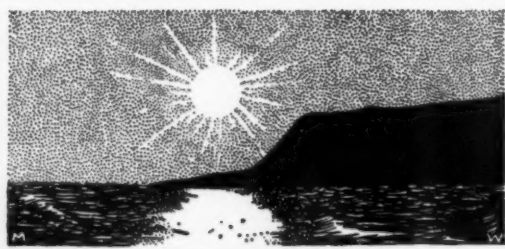
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Aboard the luxurious S. S. "Osterley" (18,100 tons displacement) with excellent accommodations and superb service. Pervaded with the atmosphere of a private yacht, this exclusively chartered ship affords all the opulence of an exclusive club. A remarkable cruise visiting Iceland, the North Cape, Lofoten Islands, the majestic Fjords and noteworthy places of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium and England.

Rates \$675 and upward

Because of the necessary limitations we strongly counsel early application.

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Advance reservations are essential to perfect European Travel. Our Tours insure advance reservations; best accommodations; comprehensive itineraries.

Two Round the World Cruises—1923

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Rhymed Reviews

The Story of Mankind

By Hendrik Van Loon. Boni & Liveright

ONE vacant summer afternoon
That Muse of all the Muses,
Clio,
Conferred a boon on H. Van Loon
(Professor; Antioch; Ohio).

He learned to winnow wheat from
chaff;

In condensation none is apter;
An empire,—that's a paragraph;
An era,—possibly a chapter.

He shows how nations went to pot
Through trusting all to royal dum-
mies.

The old Egyptians knew a lot,
But now they're just a bunch of
mummies.

The Greeks were bright, but talked too
much;

About the Jews, opinion varies;
But Rome, like Carthage, lost her
clutch

Through putting faith in mercenaries.

In swift review the ages pass,
A splendid pageant, sadly brilliant.
You learn that Man is half an ass,
But most amazingly resilient.

You see what crooked paths he takes,
The wiser counsel mostly spurning,
Repeating all the old mistakes
Yet slowly rising, slowly learning.

Where pen and crayon thus record
The good and ill that Man inherits,
Why, even Mr. Henry Ford
May own that History has merits.

A hundred pictures! only look!
(A Truth may need High Art to
speed it).
Your children ought to like the book,
And if you're good, they'll let you
read it.

Arthur Guiterman.

Don't worry about your
complexion when blotches,
roughness, redness
and other skin
defects are quickly
relieved by

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing



Standard
Equipment
on Europe's
Finest Cars

The VOGUE IN FRANCE

As France leads in Fashion so she leads in comfort and luxury. Those familiar with the fine foreign cars are astonished at their graceful movement and their drawing room steadiness on the long trips which Europeans take as a matter of course.

Motor fatigue, which physicians call "motor nerves," has been largely eliminated from motoring abroad by the Hoo-Dye method of hydraulic control of the car springs which holds the car body by a liquid cushion on an even line of travel no matter how rough the road, and which completely eliminates shocks and vibrations now known to be the cause of so many nervous disorders.

If motoring wearies you or makes you conscious of your tired nerves, send for our book "How Motoring Shocks Affect the Nervous System" by Dr. R. Kendrick Smith, M.D., D.O., one of America's foremost physicians and osteopaths. For your own health's sake you should have a copy—send for it today and learn the health way of motoring. Ride easy with Hoo-Dye Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

THE HOUDAILLE COMPANY, 1418 West Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Manufactured by the Houde Engineering Corp.
Canadian Dist.: Canadian Fairbanks Morse Co., Ltd., Montreal

HOO-DYE SHOCK ABSORBERS

(HOUDAILLE)

HYDRAULIC



"Yer ain't missed nuthin', kids—it's the old stuff about the licenshus clubman what gets killed by a auto 'n the poor woiking goil what marries the son of the boss."

For 78 Years

CONSTIPATION
RHEUMATISM from
URIC ACID
INDIGESTION
BILLIOUSNESS

have been successfully
counteracted by

**TARRANT'S
SELTZER APERIENT**

Small dose serves
The TARRANT CO.
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**TARRANT'S
SELTZER
APERIENT**

WRITE FOR
FREE SAMPLE

Internal Cleanliness
Brings Radiant Health



THE DANCING LESSON

Exasperated Wife: My dear man, you learnt to drill in the army; why can't you pick this up? It's a perfectly simple step. Anyone would think you were mentally deficient.

Husband: Almost the Sergeant's own words, dear.

—Reproduced from *Punch* (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.

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"SAFEST TO USE"

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Bookish Boy

Children are very impressionable. A little boy had been reading *The Fair Maid of Perth*, or some such historical work of fiction, and he was standing disconsolately one day in front of a tobacco shop.

"Sonny, ye look troubled," an old woman said. "Anythin' I can do for ye?"

"Hist, mother!"

And the urchin grandiloquently placed a penny in her withered hand.

"Mother, old mother," he went on, "thou canst indeed be of signal service, an' thou wilt. Seest yon tobacco shop? Then take thee this bronze coin, and bid the churl within to give thee a cigarette, and eke a match therefor. Be secret, mother, and bewray me not, or thy old blood shall answer for't. I will await thee here. And now, beldame, begone!"

—*London Opinion*.

Such an Odd World

In Chicago they tell of a fascinating young married woman who, in the absence of her husband, received much attention from an old admirer. One evening the latter ventured to become reminiscent. "Ah," he sighed. "If only you had married me instead of Babcock."

"Then I should have been with Mr. Babcock at this very moment instead of with you," answered the fascinating one. "How strangely things turn out!"

—*American Legion Weekly*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Above Par

The teacher had a system of marking her young pupils one point for each correct answer.

Little Johnny, the son of a stock speculator, happened to have an especially lucky day, knowing the answers to all the questions he was asked, and as he came home he called out happily:

"Just think, papa, I rose three points to-day!"—*Die Muskete (Vienna)*.

The Second Reading

FATHER: What are you reading, Caroline?

DAUGHTER: A novel, father, entitled "The Heart of a Poor Girl."

"Umph! The usual rubbish, I suppose."

"Yes, dad. It's a book you presented to mother years ago."—*Wesleyan Advance*.

Opportunity Rings

Confession is good for the soul, says the *Jewell Republican*. One of our good ladies, on being called on the wrong phone ring, was asked, "Is this Mrs. Blank?" "No, I'm not," she replied. "but I might have been."—*Kansas City Star*.

Saving Him Pain

Boy (to his dad): Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?

HIS DAD: Certainly.

Boy: Well, then, shut your eyes and sign my report card.—*Boys' Magazine*.

MRS. JAMESON: Do you believe that awful story they tell about her?

MRS. JOHNSON: Of course I do! What is it?—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.

Longines
Watches
Standard of
the World

Guaranteed
for Generations

Fealty

At the close of the shooting season the keepers and beaters of some estates look forward to the game supper which crowns their labors.

On one ducal estate the story is told of a tenant farmer who was called upon at such a feast to propose the toast of the evening, in honor of the estate's owner. But words failed him. After a painful pause he broke out with, "Damme! I'd as lief be shot by him as anyone!" with which unique compliment his speech began and ended.

—*London Morning Post*.

The Boy Detective

HELPFUL SMALL BOY: I beg your pardon, sir, but your car was stolen about ten minutes ago.

CAR OWNER: Well, why didn't you raise an alarm and stop the thieves?

Boy: I never thought of that, sir; but it's all right—I took the number of the car.—*Punch*.

His Name in Full

He is a negro boy eleven years of age. He peddles fish from a pushcart in Freeport, L. I.

"What is your name?" asked a kindly woman customer.

"Mose, mostly," he replied, "but mah maiden name is Captain."

—*New York Evening Post*.

Mummy and Poppy

TEACHER: What is a mummy?

JUNIOR: A mummy is—a mummy is—a mummy is a poppy's wife.

—*Youngstown Telegram*.

CLARK'S CRUISES by C. P. R. STEAMERS

Clark's 3rd Cruise, January 23, 1923

ROUND THE WORLD

Superb SS "EMPRESS OF FRANCE"

18481 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered

4 MONTHS CRUISE, \$1000 and up

Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.

Clark's 19th Cruise, February 3

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

Sumptuous SS "EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND"

25000 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered

65 DAYS CRUISE, \$600 and up

Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.

19 days Egypt, Palestine, Spain, Italy, Greece, etc.

Europe stop-overs allowed on both cruises.

Europe and Fashion Play Parties, \$100 up

Frank C. Clark, Times Building, New York.

THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24.)

Mistress of the World. *Paramount.*—Twenty reels of melodrama on a colossal scale. There are four instalments, of which the third is the best.

The Cradle Buster. *Warren.*—Pleasant little comedy with Glenn Hunter in the leading rôle.

The Prodigal Judge. *Vitagraph.*—Maclyn Arbuckle as a genial old soul who wanders around from adventure to adventure, and has an excellent time of it.

Orphans of the Storm. *United Artists.*—Griffith turns his attention to the French Revolution in a picture that can be ranked with the greatest that he has ever done.

Foolish Wives. *Universal.*—Seduction de luxe.

Moran of the Lady Letty. *Paramount.*—A vivid sea story, with Dorothy Dalton, Rodolph Valentino and Walter Long knocking each other about the decks.

One Glorious Day. *Paramount.*—A whimsical comedy, in which Will Rogers co-stars with an unborn spirit.

Penrod. *First National.*—Neilan's production of Tarkington's stories. It might be better.

Back Pay. *Paramount.*—Well-directed, well-written and well-acted drama about a girl who stumbled into one of those pitfalls that are always being dug up in New York.

Turn to the Right. *Metro.*—Fairly amusing adaptation of Winchell Smith's popular comedy.

A Doll's House. *United Artists.*—Nazi-mova as *Nora*, the most famous of all the goes-out-into-the-night, in an excellent interpretation of Ibsen's play.

E.Z.

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35c to \$1. everywhere, in single grip and the E. Z. 2-Grip, and the new E. Z. Sport Garter. Made solely by THE THOS. R. TAYLOR CO., Bridgeport, Conn.



Black Suede, with bands, straps, heels and vamp trimmings of Patent Leather.

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1 7/8 inch Covered Cuban heel.

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Martyrs to Science

SPRING days are not everything they were pictured in the January magazines. Many a home that is paid for hides a sorrow. From the matin of the English sparrow to the hush that follows the twilight passage of the ice-cream cone wagon, many a wife is yearning to tie a towel around her head, seize her broom, and start housecleaning. A martyr to science, she feels herself nothing but a heroine out of Popular Mechanics.

She would like to set the furniture out in the yard, throw open the doors and windows and get down on her hands and knees for a soul-satisfying, ancestral orgy with the scrubbing brush. But she cannot do that without being a traitor to the doting husband who brought the labor-saving electri-

cal devices home. She remembers his foolish smile and does not have the heart. Labor saving? Who wants to save a little labor if she can have a good time? These men! 1105

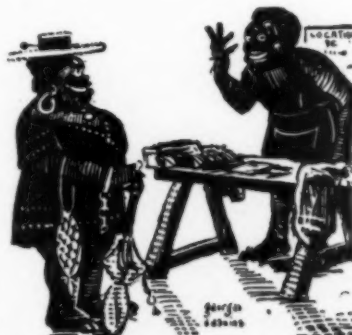
But this thing of having all the housework, including washing and ironing, done by eight-thirty in the morning, and sitting around admiring the new Oriental oilcloth rug and waiting for a telephone call from another electrical housewife to go to the movies at 11—it is not natural. The suppressed desire to clean house will tell on the race in the end. The first thing we know, three-year-olds will display a passion for soapy water. Better mild indulgence in housecleaning now than wrecked womanhood in the future.

McCready Huston.

Chauve-Souris

WE are very glad you're with us,
Chauve-Souris,
We are very glad to know you,
Chauve-Souris,
For you've beauty, brain and humor,
And we're glad you're all the rumor,
And we are the proud consumer,
Chauve-Souris.

G. H.



DUSKY COYNESS

Congo Real-Estate Dealer: Still got a nice hut, Miss Lily; fo' bits a day. "Nossuh, Mistuh White, I ain't goin' to no seashore, git mah skin all sun-bu'ned."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

Luxurious Air Liners

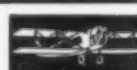
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Comfortable—Steady—Sure

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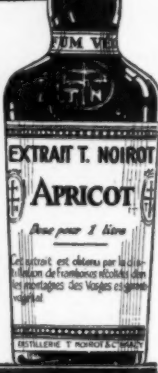
From Nancy, France, in 25 flavors. Use the fruit flavors for pudding sauces.

"Original Recipes"

—our new booklet, sent free upon request.

Mouquin

Restaurant & Wine Co.
483 W. 87th St., New York
Local Distributors Desired



Ladies

LADIES make me laugh: ladies who dress like Kewpie Dolls; ladies who are always arranging slumming parties; ladies who arrive at the theatre during the middle of the first act and practically stop the performance; ladies who tell fortunes; ladies who spend twelve hours a day in restaurants; ladies who organize welfare leagues and are forever talking about them; ladies who know all about Relativity; ladies who embroider their bridge playing with telephone calls, gossip, and risqué stories; ladies who are habitually one hour and twenty minutes late for all appointments; ladies who are shocked at anything they don't understand; ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who, having spent nine months in Paris, completely forget their native tongue; ladies who have never been understood; ladies who don't know when a romance ends; ladies who are continually dwelling on the fact that they are ladies.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Our Own Intimate Column

LIFE desires to help in solving the troublesome problems which confront its readers; and so the Intimate Column has been developed for the benefit of those who have troublesome problems to solve. Ask us anything, dear readers, and if we can't answer it, there are always plenty of others who can and will—on the slightest provocation.

RECENTLY one of our readers, who tells us that her name is Mildred (she didn't enclose her telephone number), wrote in to ask if anyone could suggest the nine best books in the English language for her to read. "Biblicus" sends in the following list, which seems to us to be a bit—well, not the sort of literature that we should care to have our daughter identified with: "Little Women," "The Automobile Blue Book of 1907," "The Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding," "Black Beauty," "Scouting for Girls," the "Elsie Series," "Easy Lessons in Sweet Pea Culture," "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" and "The Fundamental Principles of Home Taxidermy." We submit this list to Mildred for what it is worth.

* * *

DEAR LIFE: You recently published a letter, signed "Agricola," asking whether your readers could tell him or her where he or she can get dandelion bulbs for home planting. I think I can help him or her out, for once I wrote to my congressman asking for some Country Gentleman corn seed. After several years had elapsed, the seed arrived, and I planted it as directed. When spring came I found no traces of corn, but I raised a bumper crop of dandelions where the seed had been planted, and I sold them as spinach at a handsome profit.—F. O. B.

* * *

In reply to several letters which have been received at this office, we wish to announce that Easter falls on a Sunday this year.

Home Helps

THE fireless cooker
Will, gadzooks,
Help any "looker"
Keep her looks.

No longer bending
O'er a blaze,
She's now attending
Matinées.

She keeps good-looking,
Charming elf,
For now the cooking
Does itself.

W. S. Adkins.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



The Pup: Gee, what a funny-looking bone that guy's burying!